HISTORY OF MARY CATHARINE HICKEN MOULTON

Mary Catharine Hicken Moulton was born October 9 1883, in Heber City Utah, to Thomas and Sarah Jane McMullin Hicken.

I was raised in a Latter Day Saint hime. When I was six years old I attended school in an old rock school house in the south west part of town called Sleepy Hollow. My first teacher was Attawel Wootten.

When I was about nine I was sent to a school in the north part of town. They called it the Acadamy. We went there and in the old hall until they built the Central school which was across the street from our home on main street.

When I was ten years old my Father was sent to Tennessee on a mission. He had only been gone about seven or eight months when Mother gave birth to a baby girl. Mother took blood poisoning and died before Father could get home. That left him with seven children and no mother to raise them. He would hire one girl and then another but they didn't stay long. He managed to keep us all together and in about a year he married Mary Lavina McMullin, which was a God send to all of us. She proved to be a wonderful wife to Father as well as mother to his children. We called our new mother Vina, she being our cousin. She raised a lovely family, seven of us plus ten of her own.

The year I was in eighth grade, I started to run around with Hyrum Moulton and when I went to Provo to school we wrote to each other all winter. When I came back from school My had gone to Park City to work. He would come over when ever he could and we went steady from then on.

When I went to Provo to school I went to live at Olivers. I stayed there until Christmas and then four of us girls decided to batch it. There was Isabel Baum, May Turner, May Cluff and myself. We lived in a little house down by the trakkes where the Heber train used to pass. After Christmas we moved up in the east part of town. We sure had a dood time that winter.

While I was in Provo, Father decided he needed more land for his boys, so he went up in to Idaho and on the train he contacted Small Pox. He wouldn't let any of the kids be vaccinated so they all had it to. I was vaccinated in school.

When school was out I went to work for a couple of women who had babies, then I went to work in a little store where the Seminary now stands.

About the first of April Father moved the family to Canada, I wouldn't go so I stayed over to grandpa Hickens with Ruth until the 23 of April 1902, and on that day Hyrum and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple by J.R. Wender. We went down to Salt Lake on the Deer Creeper. We stayed all night in a hotel and went back to Heber the next day. The next morning we got our things together and went in a livery rig that Hy had brought from Park City and went as far as the Moulton Ranch. We stayed there that night and then went on to Park City the next morning.

We moved in a home with two apartments. Hector Smith lived in one and we lived in the other one. We stayed there about two months and Al McCarrol wanted us to trade him or interest in a home in Heber for his home in Deer Valley. So we did and we lived there for five or six years and then sold it for $400.00 and built the front part of the home we lived in the rest of our life. We stayed in Park City for some time. We moved back and forth several times.

Then when the power plant was built, Hyrum came over and applied for a job as operator and he got it. He worked there off and on for thirty years. He died at the age of 72, in the year 1952. We lived in the same home for 45 years.

Our first child was Hyrum Burns, born in Park City. Glen, Blanche, Leah, Marvel, Dean, Donna were all born in Heber.

I have lived here in the old home since had died and have been blessed with good health and able to attend church each Sunday for which I am very

grateful. I have been connected with the Relief Society , I have been a teacher when I didn't have another job, and am still a teacter at the present time. During the years I have been counselor or four Different presidents. I was secetary for two years and teacher topic leader, also magazine representive.

I have many friends and enjoy their friendship very much. I visit my children often and they come to see me as often as they can.

A PARENT'S PRAYER

"Our Father who art in heaven," Let thy Spirit guide me to be a better parent. Help me to understand, and with patience listen to their problems. Help me when I am out of sorts, that I may have a portion of thy peace. Teach me, that I may hold my tongue until my angers cease.

"Thy will be done," that I should live as you would have me do. Through me--let my children see the virtuous paths to take. Help me to be the honest one, who would not steal or cheat--from them their opportunities to know that life is sweet.

""Give us this day our daily bread;" let it serve as nourishment and energy for their active minds and bodies. Lord, bless the hands of him whose labor provided it for this family. May he be given the health needed for the tomorrow's toil. Lord, bless me, whose hands prepare this daily bread, that I might not waste this precious substance of life.

"Forgive us our trespasses," Lord, as I ask forgiveness of my wrongs. Let me not hurt the feelings of my children, as they stumble in mistakes; but rather, give me courage to forgive their wrongs, and teach them through their weaknesses, that they may stand as pure souls before thee. Let me be a parent fit to be loved and imitated by my children.

"Let us not lead them into temptation." Guide me hour by hour what I might teach by precept and by example that honesty has its reward, that goodness pays, that cleanliness of body is next to godliness.

"Deliver them from the evils" they are tempted with. Let the mad, enticing, frill and frolic of the evil ones and evil places leave no scar upon their souls.

"For thine is the kingdom," Of righteous ones. Oh, Lord, I pray, guide me...bless me...strengthen me...that I might guide myself and mine to thee.

AMEN